THE EVENING TIMES.

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KEEP DIRECTOR LANE HERE

It would be a most unfortunate thing for the high schools of Washington if they were to lose the services of Director Lane, to whom a tempting offer has come from Brooklyn. Dr. Lane has several times rejected similar alluring tenders, being too much interested in his work here to yield lightly to invitations to places which would carry with them better remuneration, but his Brooklyn admirers have at last made their offer so attractive, from a pecuniary point of view, that Dr. Lane is not to be blamed if he stops for a moment to consider what he owes to himself.

Director Lane has done exceptionally good work in the high schools of Washington. He has brought them up to a rare degree of excellence. Not only has he imbued the teachers under his charge with a spirit of commendable emulation and of thorough loyalty to the interests confided to them, but he has also managed to instill in the pupils themselves an earnest desire to do the best that is in them. Teachers and pupils have felt that they had a true friend in Dr. Lane at all times and under all circumstances, and the result has been that Washington's high schools rank today with the very best in the country, if, indeed, they do not surpass all others.

Washington cannot afford to lose such a man. No means should be left untried to keep Dr. Lane here. He himself, it is understood, is loath to sever his connection with our schools, but naturally self-interest cannot entirely be left out of the question. The School Board should leave no resources unexhausted to induce Dr. Lane to decline the Brooklyn offer.

THE BIRD ON THE HAT

The question of the bird on the hat has again come up, this time in Chicago. Owing to the determined and strong influence exerted by the Audubon Society, the wholesale milliners of that city have felt the heavy hand of the law, and case after case of the plumage of birds protected by State and Federal legislation was marked for destruction. The milliners—some of them—cabled to European houses canceling orders given, and most of them say they prefer to obey the law rather than fight the society.

This is a step in the right direction, and it is about the only effective course which can be taken. As soon as the Audubon Society is strong enough to secure and enforce the right sort of legislation, the wholesale destruction of American birds—and the consequent plague of American insects—will cease.

In some cases the insistence of fashion is strong enough to overbalance almost anything; but this is not one of them. Most women who decorate their hats with birds do so because there happens to be little else on view in the milliner's stock. If the birds were not there they would be easily contented with a substitute. If birds are generally worn the average woman will buy a hat trimmed in that way, simply because she will thus be in the fashion, and not be conspicuous. Thus the apparent demand for plumage will be great, while the real demand is very slight. The use of this sort of trimming is one of those things which may go on forever if nobody takes the trouble to stop it; but a very slight agitation may serve to make the bird on the hat as rare as the hoopskirt.

HURRY THAT CAUSES ILLS

To point to the hurry and stress of modern town life as the cause of half the ills to which flesh today is heir has become almost a commonplace in aetiological diagnosis. The old-fashioned complaints might almost excite a medical man's pity, so much do they seem to be crowded out by those active, widespread young fellows, neuritis, neurasthenia and a whole young family of nervous illnesses, the offspring of the strained existence of today.

A chain is as strong as its weakest link, and today it appears that the nervous system is the weak link of the organism. The weakness is not natural. It is acquired because the strain upon this link is so often almost constant and out of proportion to the wearing power of the material. Whether as generations advance individual nervous systems will more easily bear the labors asked from them or not, at any rate, it may fairly be assumed that in the early days of any new style of life the generations born under an old regime have the worst of it. Their children cope more easily with the new necessities. They are earlier confronted with them and new arrangements which perplexed and worried their parents become habits easily borne and, therefore, not to be reckoned among the trying elements of existence.

Thus we may imagine future generations perfectly calm among a hundred telephones and sleeping sweetly though airships whizz among countless electric wires over their heads and a perpetual night traffic of motor cars hurtles past their bedroom windows. As yet, it must be sorrowfully confessed, our nervous systems are not so callous. Some of us still start at the telephone ring and find the irregularities of the instrument a source of irritation and worry. Many of us are actually nervous at the sudden appearance of a motor car around the wrong side of a London street corner. The result of countless repetitions of these trials, small though they may be singly, is not to be lightly estimated.

Fortunately, the very causes of nerve exhaustion, so far as improved rapidity of locomotion may be counted one of them, provide one important counteracting feature of town life at the present day. We are alluding to the facility with which those whose week days are spent in city toil may spend the seventh in breathing the fresh air and beholding the innocent joys of the rustic. To the hard-working Londoner the value of the week-end properly used is hard to overestimate. From the eager broker and worried business man to the stifled seamstress and toiling artisan there are few who cannot find further or nearer from the metropolis some fresh and open spot where they may replace the evil atmosphere of the office or the factory. Without trains, electric tramways and motor cars such a wholesome change of scenery and surroundings would be scarcely possible in the limited time available.

We do not wish to underrate for a moment the value of parks and open spaces—the "city's lungs." For many these afford the only possibility of a Sunday in at any rate comparatively fresh air. Those large numbers, though, who habitually find the Sabbath's rest in a day's wholesome exercise at some little distance from their work-a-day center may spare a moment from the usual condemnatory attitude toward the bustle, rush and clatter of up-to-date locomotion to bless the means which enable them so profitably to enjoy the day.—The Lancet.

HAMLET ON THE DANISH WEST INDIAN ISLANDS.

"To sell or not to sell," that is the question.
Whether it is better that we keep our islands
And keep on losing on them every year,
Or sell to Uncle Sam and take his millions,
For which we, though not poor, still may find use.
It is a grave and serious question—aye,
Its contemplation has quite changed men's minds.
The valiant chief, Sir Estrup, and a score
Of other statesmen just as wise as he
Have formerly been strenuous advocates
Of sale—but now, behold; what change of mind
Have these wise statesmen lately undergone!
They will not sell now, not for twenty millions,
No, not for any price they now will sell.
Although they formerly were very willing,
Quite anxious even, to effect a sale.
What change of mind is this? What sudden thought
Has lately now possessed these good men's souls?
Have they of late become more patriotic?
Why, no—they always were good patriots.
Some say they are but moved by a spirit
Of mere contrariness and opposition
To those in power now. Can this be true?
Can patriots be moved by such vile thoughts?
But howsoever this may be, they have
Now by their votes at present blocked the sale,
The good old members now go home and sleep,
Sam keeps his money, we our islands keep—at least for the present.

—X., in the New York Sun.

DAY OF THE BOOK-PLAY IS NOT AT AN END

By WILLIAM H. RAPLEY.

A year or more ago it was persistently claimed by many self-appointed arbiters of the public taste for theatrical entertainment that the era of the book-play was on the wane. The enormous popularity achieved by "The Christian," "In the Palace of the King," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and its sequel, "Rupert of Hentzau;" "Sapho," "Pride of Jenico," and other dramatizations of popular novels seemed to indicate that this order of play was at its zenith; and that the public demand had been supplied.

Contrary, however, to the predictions of the aforesaid arbiters the season just closed has been even more conspicuous in the successful presentation, especially from a monetary viewpoint, than any of its forerunners. Among the most prominent may be mentioned "Ben Hur," "Quality Street," "Beaucaire," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "The Crisis," "Janice Meredith," and "David Harum."

There were other dramatizations that scored moderate successes, but those named above will serve to illustrate the situation.

Far from being on the wane, the book-play is still in demand. It is well an open question as to whether, even, the zenith has been reached.

This field is still being searched and cultivated by the leading writers for the stage, for material for future presentation, and next season will find that the novelist will have his full quota of attention by the producing managers, when, if the adapter succeeds in striking the happy combination that appeals to the popular taste, it means large royalties for the author, as well as gladness of heart for the manager who had sufficient confidence in his judgment to make the production.

The Strenuous Life for Girls

Henry Van Dyke comes out in a magazine article with a decided condemnation of what he calls the strenuous life for girls. He declares that it is not praise to say of a woman that she does her work as well as a man, so that it cannot be distinguished from a man's work; that when girls are taught to lead "the strenuous life" they lose their femininity; and that "poise is more precious than penetration."

This is one of those subjects so delicate that it is difficult to handle it without being misunderstood; and from Dr. Van Dyke's point of view he is right. The question is whether his point of view is the right one.

It is undoubtedly unfortunate for a woman to achieve masculinity; or it would be if she could do it; but she cannot. It is also unfortunate for a man to be effeminate, but he may have certain feminine qualities of gentleness, tact and intuition without being less manly; and the work of Dr. Van Dyke himself is a shining example of that.

It is a fact, however, which most women who do work for pay must learn, that good work generally is asexual; and to say of a woman that her work is like a man's means simply that it has no feminine weaknesses or faults and does not need to be excused on the ground that it is a woman's. If there is anything wrong in this, Dr. Van Dyke will please come forward and explain what it is. The thing which women need most to get rid of is the notion that inferior work will be accepted from them because they are not men, and the sooner they get rid of it the more bother it will save for everybody. No woman, whether her life be in the home or out of it, has any business to be slipshod, and superficial, and shoddy in her life or her work, and claim reward for honest effort. That quality is not womanly any more than it is manly. It deserves to be destroyed along with the notion that a man, to be manly, must be brutal and coarse and violent, and devoid of sympathy for the weak.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

The first rude shock to the prevailing ideas concerning the atmosphere was given in 1774, when Priestley discovered in it the very active element oxygen, says "Lippincott's." Two years later he added to this the passive element of nitrogen, and the two main constituents of the invisible air became captives of science. To these new elements the old ideas clung for a time. Oxygen was named by its discoverer dephlogisticated air. It lacked phlogiston, the fancied fire element, and sought it with eager appetite in whatever it touched. Nitrogen was called phlogisticated air. It was believed to be saturated with phlogiston and therefore fatal to flame. While oxygen combined briskly with almost all the elements, nitrogen refused to combine at all except under great provocation. Though intimately mingled in the atmosphere, these elements were as unlike in character as two substances well could be.

No long time passed before a third substance was found in the atmosphere, this time not a chemical element, but the compound gas, carbonic acid. While not great in quantity, it proved to be indispensable in quality, since all the world of living things is dependent upon it for existence. Inimical as it is, when in large quantity, to animal life, without it there could be no life at all, and the earth would be a dead and barren expanse. For the plant world gains from this gas its foundation element of carbon, and is thus enabled to lay up those stores of food upon which the animal world depends.

One thing may be said about the new atmosphere. That of ald was supposed to be not over sixty miles high. Its ratio of decrease of density seemed to prove this. The atmosphere is now believed to be fully 500 miles high. This belief is based upon a study of the fall of meteorites. These free wanderers of space plunge into the upper air at so great a speed that their friction, even with the extremely rare gas at that high altitude, soon heats them to incandescence, and they flame into light. They have been observed to flash out in this way at a height of over 100 miles. At this elevation the air must be so exceedingly rare as to render it certain that friction with several hundred miles of it would be needed to heat a meteor to the incandescent point. From this it is estimated that the upper limit of the atmosphere cannot be less than 500 miles above the surface. It may be much more. The air may extend upward as far as the force of gravity is capable of overcoming its centrifugal force, which steadily increases with height. How high that is no one can tell.

THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE

The union of church and stage, which has been the ambition of so many enthusiastic members of the theatrical profession, as well as of the church, never came so near fulfillment as it has come in the society known as the Actors' Church Alliance, which has now been in existence for two years. The organizaation is chiefly the creation of Walter E. Bentley, an Episcopal clergyman of this city, who has worked for it for several years with extreme zeal, says the New York "Sun." It is refreshing in these days to observe such single-hearted devotion to a cause as Mr. Bentley has exhibited in his efforts to make his society a success and obtain for the theatrical body, of which he was once a member, the comfort that he believes an alliance with the church and the enjoyment of its spiritual ministrations will bring to it. Mr. Bentley has inspired many of his fellow-workers with some of his own ardor, and to that may be attributed the progress of the new society. Bishop Potter is its president, and among its most active members are many Episcopal clergymen. But that body does not exclusively control the religious end of the association, as ministers of other bodies, although not so numerous, are also members of the executive body.

The alliance now has 2,350 members. Not all of these are actors, and at least one-third are the chaplains in the 400 cities in which the association is represented, Boston and Philadelphia already having flourishing chapters of the alliance, and one is soon to be established in Providence. It is expected that they will ultimately be formed in all the large cities of the country.

The chaplains of the alliance are expected to visit, so far as possible, all the actor members that come to the city in which they are situated. In addition to inviting them to their churches, they are expected to show them any Christian courtesy that a parishioner may expect from a clergyman. The object of the alliance is to make the actors feel at home in the church of any town that they may visit.

Last season 10,000 postal cards were sent out to the clergy affiliated with the society, informing them of the presence in the cities in which they lived of actor members of the alliance. This work is to be continued, and is one of the most difficult problems of the practical workings of the scheme. The last Sunday in April has been set aside as a day for the holding of special services in honor of the society. This was done for the first time in April of this year, and in many churches of various denominations there were sermons delivered on the object of the society and a collection taken for its benefit.

Many of the most conspicuous members of the theatrical profession are interested in the success of the association. Joseph Jefferson is one of these and has frequently spoken in its favor in various cities. Stuart Robson is one of its supporters, and Frederick Warde has in several churches spoken in its behalf.

Last winter several services were held in the theaters of this city and Brooklyn. Noted clergymen addressed these congregations, and this special service has proved to be one of the most interesting features of the work of the alliance. The objects of the society are wholly spiritual and do not look to any change in the material condition of the actor. The abolition of Sunday performances in the cities in which they exist is the only one of these objects which has any practical character. But the members of the society and its promoters are not concerned primarily with the material welfare of the profession. Beyond the establishment of rooms in which the actresses may be brought into contact with some of the other women members, there are no social features of the organization. Its object is to make the actors feel that they are welcome in the churches, and that their profession is not in any way opposed to their enjoyment of the privileges of churchmanship.

The Fahrenheit Thermometer

Sir Samuel Wilks, writing to "Knowledge," gives the history of Fahrenheit's thermometer, which is generally used in this country. It was really invented by Sir Isaac Newton, and the starting point of his scale was the heat of the human body. Newton's paper is to be found in the "Philosophical Transactions" for the year 1701. He describes his instrument as a glass tube filled with linseed oil, and to it he attached a scale to measure the degree of heat of the liquid into which he plunged it. His lowest point was that of freezing, as his highest was that of boiling water. He chose for the starting point on his scale the heat of the human body, and this he called by the round number twelve, the duodecimal system being then in use; that is, he divided the space between the freezing point and the temperature of the body into twelve parts. He further stated that the boiling point would be about thirty, as it was nearly three times that of the human body.

A few years afterward, when Fahrenheit was working at the subject of heat, he took Newtons' instruments for his experiments, but, finding the scale not minute enough, he divided each degree into two parts, and so made it measure 24 instead of 12. He also did more, for, finding he could obtain lower temperatures than freezing, and notably that of ice and salt mixed together, he took this for his starting point. It was from this point he began to count 24 degrees up to body heat. This made, by his measurements, 8 the point for freezing. The boiling point he made 53. It then became zero, freezing 8, body heat 24, and boiling water 53. This was really the same as Newton's, only the scale started lower and the numbers were doubled. Later on, finding that he could measure increments of heat more minutely, Fahrenheit divided each degree into four parts. It will now be seen that if the numbers just mentioned are multiplied by four we have the thermometer which is now in use.

The Old Home.

To one forespent with stress of trade
And schemes of gain in city marts,
There comes a breath of country hay
Wafted from passing carts.

Fades the long line of brick and stone,
The street's rude tumult dies away,
From money-getting for a space
His soul cries holiday.

And with him down the orchard path,
Past spring-house and the pasture wall,
Her spirit walks who taught her child
Of the Love that is o'er all.

The vision vanishes, and straight
The street's rude tumult in his ears;
But in his heart a heavenly strain,
And in his eyes, sweet tears.

—Chas. Francis Saunders, in Harper's.

Crown Jewels in Danger.

It is interesting to recall that it is just over 231 years since Col. Thomas Blood made his notorious attempt to carry off the crown jewels from the Tower, says "London Sketch." The story is too well known to need telling with much detail. Blood visited the Tower in the guise of a clergyman and became intimate with the aged custodian, and, under the pretense of arranging a match between the latter's daughter and his nephew, he introduced the would-be bridegroom and two friends into the Tower in the early morning of May 9, 1671. All were armed, and, after stunning the custodian, they as nearly as possible escaped by St. Katherine's Gate, where horses were awaiting them, but, fortunately, were captured by Captain Beckman in the very nick of time. Blood, however, was pardoned by the King and received into great favor. Indeed, the indulgence showed him is said to have become a public scandal.

The crown so nearly stolen by Blood is not the one to be worn by his majesty, for in 1838, a new crown was made for Queen Victoria's coronation. In the front of this and in the center of four Maltese crosses of diamonds is the famous ruby given to the Black Prince by the King of Castile in 1367, and worn by Henry V in his helmet at Agincourt. Besides the Maltese crosses there are four fleur-de-lis, each composed of eighty diamonds with a fine ruby in the center. The precious stones in the crown are one large and fifteen smaller rubies, one large and sixteen smaller sapphires, 227 pearls and nearly 3,000 brilliants, rose diamonds, and others.

SIXTH SENSE DISCOVERED.

This is an age of discovery. Millions of men and women have lived and died in the honest belief that they had but five senses. They had six—and did not know it. An eminent French doctor has just discovered an additional sense which enables man to be aware of obstacles neither seen, heard, touched, nor smelt, says the "Paris Messenger." Dr. Javal, the discoverer, calls this "new" faculty the sense of "obstacles," and says that it acts "by the perception of certain warm and indefinite vibrations," and he locates its seat in the forehead. It is as well to know this. Many of our ancestors frequently ran their heads against brick walls, and it is supposed that it was owing to their hot-headedness. But there! Who knows? Perhaps our forefathers were so hot-headed that they did not perceive the vibrations until they felt the shock. Then they felt both—the vibrations and the obstacle. The discovery of Dr. Javal, although not very startling, is interesting, as it shows that the door for discovery is still open and that man does not yet know himself.

THE CLERICAL COLLEGE PRESIDENT

It has been observed that of late the college president has ceased to be chosen from the ranks of clergymen. One need only to glance over the history of any of our large colleges to see how largely men who became their presidents in earlier years were provided with the letters "D. D." after their names. Does the passing of the clerical president mean degeneracy in moral ideals?

Surely not, when one considers the difference in the circumstances of the college of today and the college of yesterday. The change is due simply to the fact that while the college of our fathers trained men for the life of the scholar, today the student is trained for the life of the world. The opportunities of the graduate are wider, and the life of the scholar himself is broader than it used to be.

When intellectual life began in this country, and, in fact, up to twenty-five years ago, the intellectual man was almost a caste by himself. Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with ancient history and philosophy, were given high places in the curriculum, because knowledge of these things, especially of the dead languages, was a sort of password into the society of cultured men. The dead languages are our heritage from the centuries in which learned men of all countries made them the familiar means of intercourse. In the multitude of dialects with which the Europe of the Middle Ages was filled, there was no other way. Letters were written, books of travel, science, history, and theology published, in Latin, because all educated men understood that language. The tradition of this cult remained until about the middle of the nineteenth century, and men of "the professions" partly fulfilled the ideal of a society of educated men. The business of the world could be carried on without education, and did not appeal to the man of intellectual resource. The only practical affairs in which he could comfortably engage were those of the country gentleman; and society was mainly composed of lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and the owners of estates. Men "in trade" had no leisure for learning, and as for the mechanical arts, they were out of the question, while artists occupied an impecunious Bohemia of their own.

Nowadays all life has changed in this respect; and the college man finds many walks in life attractive to him, not only because they are profitable, but because in them he can use his brains and his culture. Hence the university demands for its head the man who is not merely a scholar in the old acceptation of the term, but the man who knows the world from all points of view, particularly the point of view of the student of affairs. Men like Eliot, Hadley, and Jordan are taking the places held by theologians, and by men like Patton, McCosh, and Hopkins. A man cannot be a great theologian and be a man of affairs. The human brain is not big enough to accommodate two such diverse branches of learning, unless the owner is a genius, and geniuses do not happen often enough to furnish forth all our colleges with presidents and professors. Hence the college is choosing its leaders from the men of affairs and not from the theologians, and in that course lies wisdom.

METEOROLOGICAL VAGARIES

Few subjects are of greater general interest than the weather, says the "American Inventor." From the beginning of civilization the state of the elements has been an all-important factor in the making of history, and even today, when progress and knowledge are nearer the zenith than ever before, mankind is, in a large degree, at the mercy of the wind and rain.

Within the last forty years much progress has been made in the science of meteorology, and much more is known now of the laws which govern not only the local weather, but the general climate of all localities than was ever known of any other science so short a time after its birth. Nevertheless, a great part of meteorological phenomena is still mysterious and little understood.

Among some of the popular misconceptions about weather and weather predictions is the nearly general belief that forests in some way aid in the production of rain, and that bare country is therefore always dry. Exactly the reverse of this proposition is true. Trees exist because they are in a region where rain falls, and arid lands are so from lack of moisture to produce growth. It is true that the presence of trees in large numbers to some extent affects the general climate, but this is because their presence retards the evaporation of moisture which has fallen, not because they cause rain.

The popular belief that floods in rivers and lakes are caused to rise to greater heights now than formerly because of much denuding the land of vegetation is incorrect. It is true that if a large area of trees and bush growth be removed from near a river, more water will drain into that river from the country so treated; but this state of affairs will last but a short time, as the ground speedily becomes covered with small growth which is just as effective in holding back the moisture as a large forest.

Another peculiar phenomenon which is the subject of incorrect belief and also of superstition is the "blood-rain," which sometimes falls in Europe. It is, of course, supposed by the peasants and ignorant people to be a visitation of wrath from heaven, and to portend all sorts of evil and disaster, but in reality it is easily explained. The earth of the desert region south of Tripoli and Tunis is not at all firm, and it is whirled up in strong winds to be carried across the Mediterranean Sea to meet with European clouds and then fall as mud. It is easy to imagine the spectacular effect a town bathed in bright red mud would present, and the effect of such a fall upon the ignorant and superstitious.

These red rains, however, are valuable to geologists for long after they have fallen. As they come only at intervals, and as they have been coming for years, their presence as a red streak in glaciers and snow formations, forms a valuable mark for the scientist, by which to measure the increasing and decreasing sizes of such bodies, and to determine glacial velocity and direction of movement.

It is a matter of congratulation that America leads in meteorology, and that so much has been done to educate the people as to the rationale of weather and weather prediction.

BEAUTY IN THE VEGETABLES

Amusement has been afforded recently by a real or pretended recommendation of vegetables for millinery adornment, attributed to a vegetable society. Doubtless the prosaic associations of these with cookery will bar them from such use. But it is none the less true that beauty of form and color abounds in the products of the kitchen garden, and the subject has been wholly neglected perhaps because, as in other things, it is so continually presented to the eye that it is overlooked by writers. It has not been wholly slighted by the painters; some of the most elaborate groups in "still life" pictures have been made up of vegetables; and kitchen gardens, too, have been the subjects of paintings, even a field of cabbages, especially by Teutonic artists. It is in the street that the beauty of vegetables is especially forced on attention. Of course, the vegetables and fruits bring their colors with them from the country. But it is along the barren street that the beauty is presented to us. How many of the passers-by have eyes to see it and feast upon it daily? But the Italian at least, who often presides over it, must enjoy a polychromatic delight, for his wife chooses blazing hues in personal adornment.

But the vegetables, of all artistic tints and forms! The potato seems to be the only exception; it is a pig, alike in form, color and dirt. But, if it were well cleaned, its buff or red and its argus eyes might count for something. Take the potato's relative, however, the tomato. When not crimson or yellow, it is pure and intense carnelian; and perhaps its warm tints gave it the old name "love apple." The red cabbage is royal purple; it is used by chemists to get a fine vegetable color.

The egg plant is purple even to blackness, profoundly rich in hue. The blood beet is so deep a purplish-red that it may even remind one of Keats' words, "Deep-dyed as with the blood of kings." The carrot is pure salmon red, and adds its bits of glow to our soup. And then there is the bright rose red of the radish, the globular variety of which is sometimes cut into roses to grace a dinner table. The red peppers are appropriately of fiery color. The yellows are no less rich. Squashes delight in this, as well as in all fanciful forms, showing all golden effects from pale lemon yellow to deep-burning orange. Along with these are the ruddy pumpkin and the rich buff of the ripe muskmelon. As to the green products, there are all hues and shades, and, in some, these are marvelously variegated, as in the blotched stripes of the citron melon and the well-named snake watermelon; also in the curiously netted stripes of the great green squash. The whites have their varieties, such as the opaque white of turnips, sometimes half colored with red; the flesh-like purity of the parsnip, and the pearly luster of green corn and white onion.

The color is, of course, enhanced by form, in which, for variety, the squashes lead the garden host, with round, lobed, pyriform, or with swanlike shapes. But what a variety of forms peculiar to each of the others mentioned! And what fullness of form, as in the rotund compact cabbage, the oblate tomato, and the melon swelling out between its longitudinal constrictions. In other vegetables we have the charmingly crimpled and crinkled leaves, and some dissected into fringes and frills, as in parsley and the exquisite mats of "chicory salad." Utility alone does not reign in the market green; beauty revels there in root and fruit, and smiles forth in the greengrocer's display. Indeed, the growing foliage only might be arranged in a pretty display for landscape gardening—say striped-leafed corn for center, the red-stemmed and broad-leafed rhubarb surrounding this, then the purple cabbage, next the finely fringed parsnip, followed by the red-topped beet, and fronted with a border of bright yellow-green lettuce heads.—Popular Science News.